

NATIONALTM

FEBRUARY
No. 58

COMICS



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

The
BARKER
FINDS
SOMETHING NEW,
TALKING
ANIMALS!





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NATIONAL



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The
BARKER
FINDS
SOMETHING NEW,
**TALKING
ANIMALS!**



The BARKER

DON'T THINK
YOU CAN LEAD
ME BY THE NOSE,
CALAHAN!

THE DAY
HASN'T COME
WHEN YOU CAN
OUTFOX ME,
CALAHAN!

SO KEEP
YOUR MOUTH
SEALED,
CALAHAN!

TSK! TSK! ISN'T
IT TERRIBLE THE WAY
THIS YOUNGER GENERATION
OF ANIMALS HAS NO
RESPECT FOR HUMANS?

By
Klaus
Nordling

Colonel Lane's
TOOTH CIRCUS



—AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN THE NEWEST, THE FRESHEST ACT IN COLOMEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS....

THAT'S ENOUGH FROM YOU, BUD! I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

HA! HA! HA!

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE GREATEST — THE MOST AMAZING —

CUT IT SHORT, EUSTACE! THEY'D RATHER WATCH ME DIVE THAN HEAR YOU TALK!



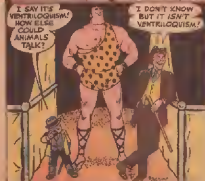
GRACEFUL! ISN'T HE?



YOICKS! YOICKS! SOUND THE HORN! WE'VE ALMOST RUN HIM DOWN!

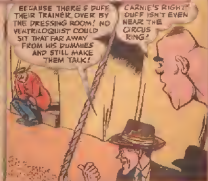
HA! HA! HE'S TURNING THE TABLES!

Carnie Calahan, the genial BARKER, and his pals watch the animals' antics....



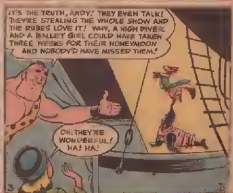
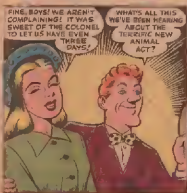
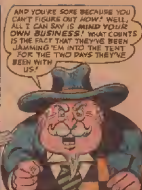
I DON'T KNOW BUT IT ISN'T VENTRILLOQUISM!

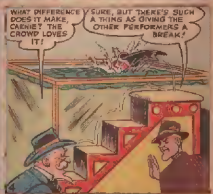
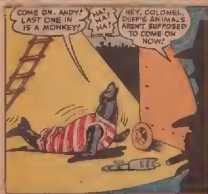
I SAY IT'S VENTRILLOQUISM! HOW ELSE COULD ANIMALS TALK?

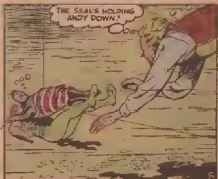
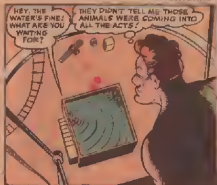


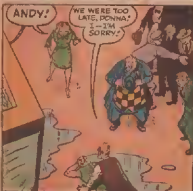
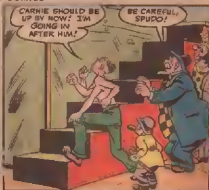
BECAUSE THERE'S DUFF THEIR TRAINER, OVER BY THE DRESSING ROOM! NO VENTRILLOQUIST COULD SIT THAT FAR AWAY FROM HIS DUMMIES AND STILL MAKE THEM TALK!

CARNIE'S RIGHT! DUFF ISN'T EVEN NEAR THE CIRCUS RING!

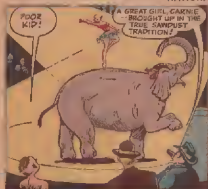


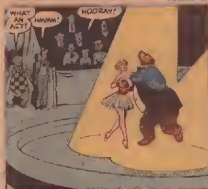


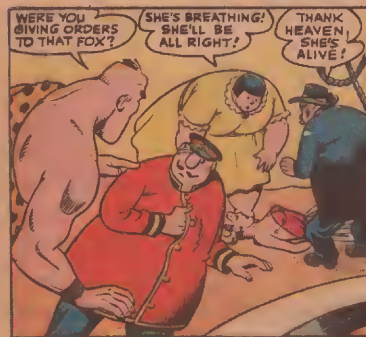
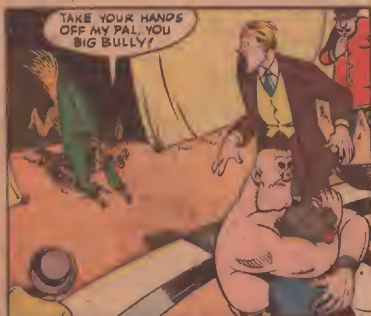


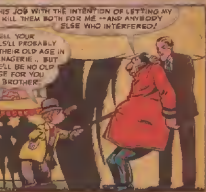
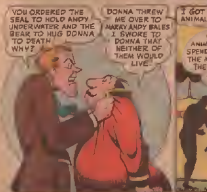
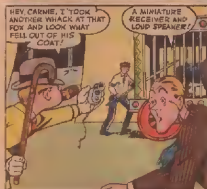
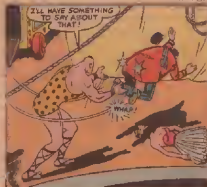


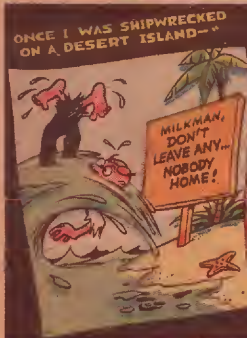
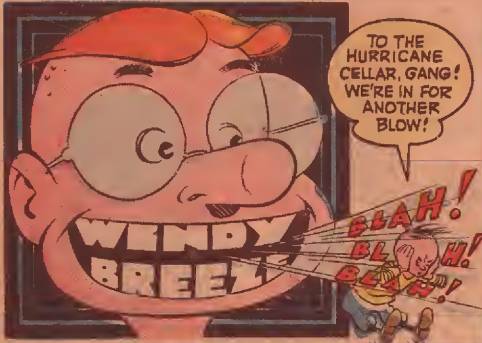












GRANNY GUMSHOE

WONDERFUL IMAGINATION
YOU HAVE,
VAN MORBIDD!!

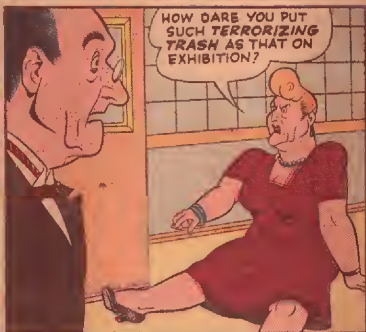
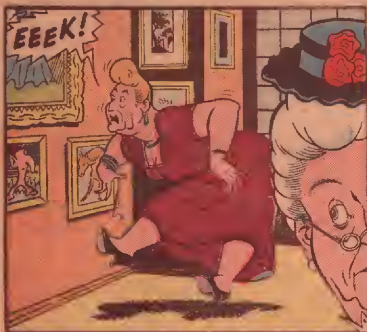
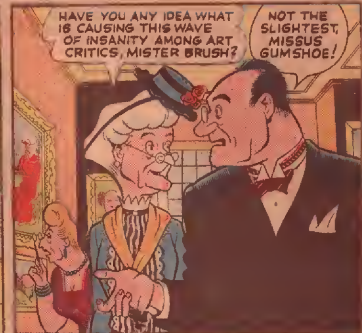
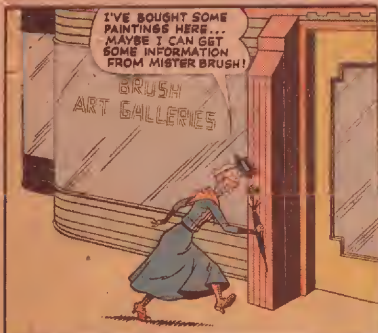


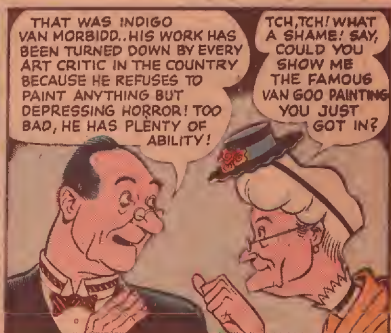
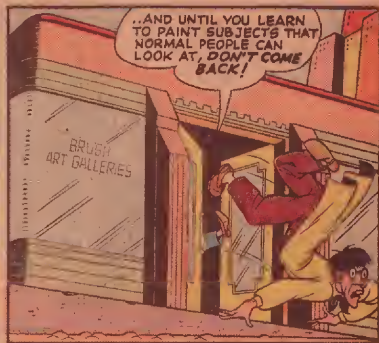
IT WAS THIS
LITTLE NEWS
ITEM THAT
AROUSSED
GRANNY'S
SUSPICIONS
AND
LAUNCHED
HER ON
THE TRAIL
OF THE
ARTIST
WITH THE
DEADLY
TALENT!

ANOTHER ART CRITIC GOES INSANE

William Colour, well known art connoisseur, was taken to the Bell asylum last night.

He's the third in an epidemic of insanity that has mysteriously affected only art critics...





NEXT MORNING

I'M ALL A-FLUTTER
TO SEE YOUR FAMOUS
ORIGINAL!

THIS WAY,
MISSUS
BUMSHOE!

PR

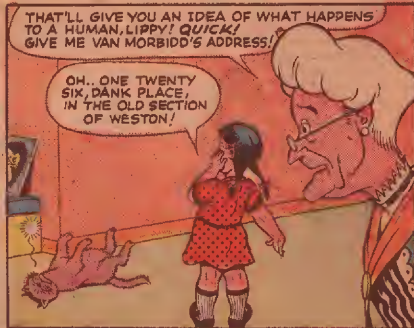
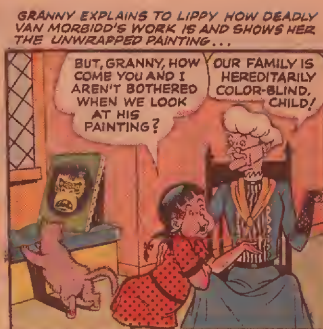
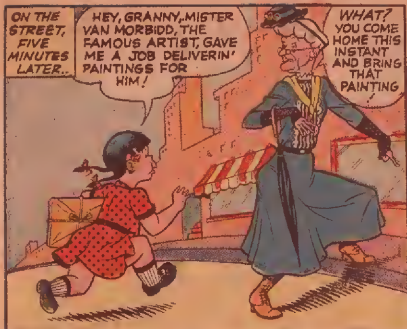
AND NOW,
VAN GOO'S
MASTERPIECE!

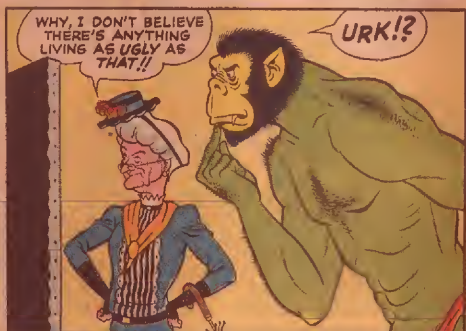
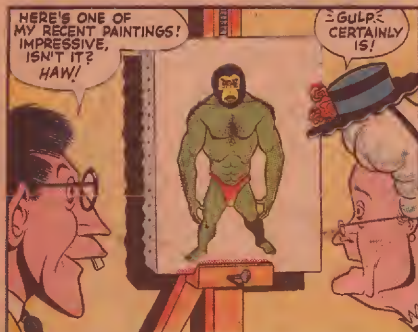


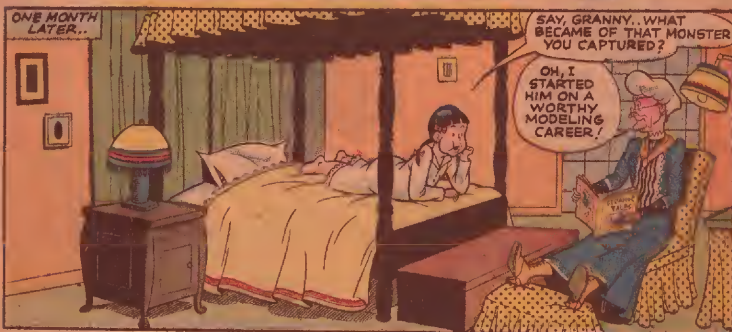
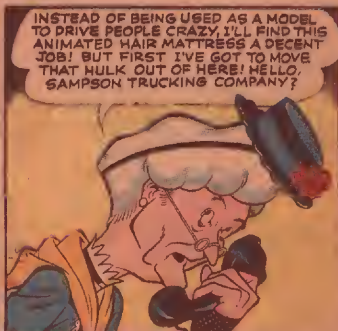
A-AHH...SUCH REALISTIC
HORROR! THE COLOR,
IT'S TOO MUCH FOR MY
NERVES!! I CAN'T STAND
IT! I'M GOING MAD!
EOW!!

THAT DOES IT!
VAN MORBIDD IS
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE WAVE OF
MADNESS!!

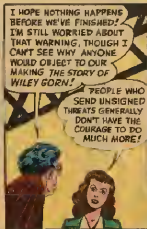
Indigo Van Morbidd



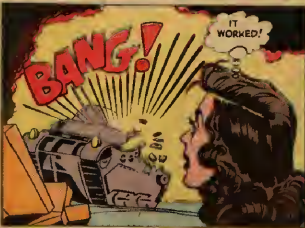




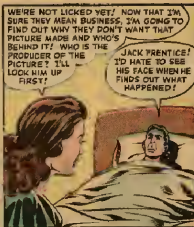
Sally O'NEIL







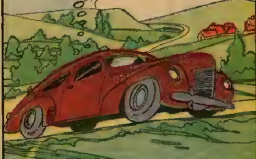




THAT'S RIGHT SALLY O'NEIL
OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS? I MUST
KNOW THE NAME OF THE SCRIPT
WRITER WHO WORKED ON
THE STORY OF WILEY GORN!



I HOPE
THIS WASN'T
A WRONG
GUESS!



OUT WITH IT,
SUCKER! WHERE'S
THE REST OF
THAT SCRIPT?

YOU'RE WASTING
YOUR TIME!

THAT
CHAP'S
TOUGH!



HE WON'T HAVE
TO TAKE IT MUCH
LONGER!



LIE DOWN, YOU
ORANGOUTANGS!



AND STAY
DOWN!

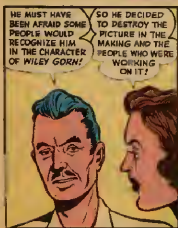
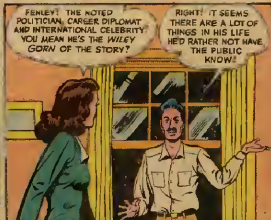
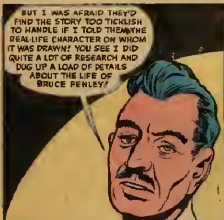
CRASH!



I HAVE YOUR
MANUSCRIPT!
ARE THESE
THE MISSING
PAGES?

YES! PRENTICE RETURNED
THEM TO ME FOR SOME LAST
MINUTE CHANGES! I WAS
WORKING ON THEM WHEN
THESE MEN BARGED IN!
FORTUNATELY, I HAD JUST
ENOUGH TIME TO
HIDE THEM!





WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! DID YOU GET THE REST OF THE SCRIPT? DID YOU GET RID OF THAT BLASTED WRITER?

Y' SEE, MISTER FENLEY...!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. FENLEY! I WAS JUST WAITING UNTIL LITTLE CUTIE-PIE HERE IDENTIFIED YOU!

WHAT'S MEANING OF THIS?

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE! WE'VE GOT YOUR HIRED KILLERS AND YOU HAVEN'T SUCCEEDED IN PREVENTING THE PRODUCTION OF THE STORY OF WILEY GORN!

YOU... YOU KNOW! WHO ARE YOU?

O'NEIL'S THE NAME! POLICE DEPARTMENT!

DON'T DO IT, MR. FENLEY! THAT'S NOT THE ENDING WE WANT FOR THE STORY OF WILEY GORN - SUICIDE BY POISON!

OH, NO... CERTAINLY NOT! IT SHOULD BE MUCH MORE DRAMATIC!

OW-W-W!

LINE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR ORDERING THE MURDER OF JACK PRENTICE AND GETTING IT DONE! YES, MR. FENLEY, YOUR STOOGES CONFESSED THAT THEY DID THAT JOB BEFORE THEY STOLE THE TANK!

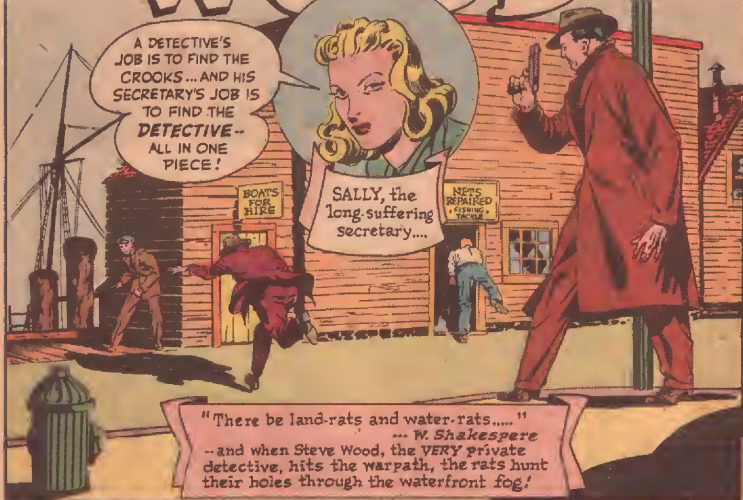
I WON'T DENY ANYTHING! IT'S NO USE NOW!

Later...

GOSH, A GAL WITH YOUR LOOKS AND ABILITY COULD MAKE A FORTUNE IN PICTURES!

NOT ME, THANKS! I COULDN'T STAND THE EXCITEMENT OF BEING A STAR!

Steve Wood



Midnight, mist and mystery on Wharf Street...

GOT A LIGHT FOR THIS CIGAR, MISTER?

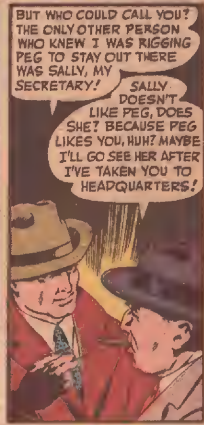
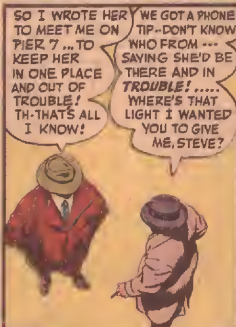
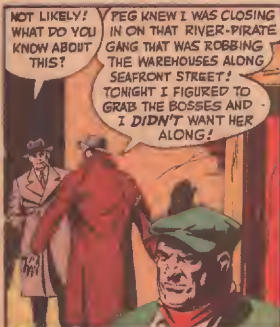
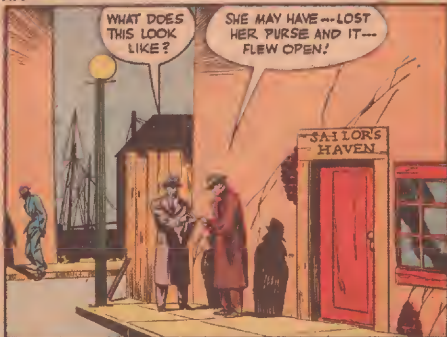
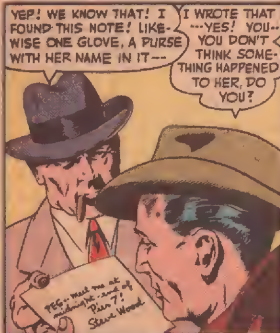
SURE, FRIEND!

WHY, IT'S MY ALMOST FRIEND, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN!

STEVE WOOD! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ... COME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!

WHAT HAPPENED TO PEG ALLEN --- THAT GA-GA GIRL REPORTER?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? SHE WAS TO MEET ME--



SALLY WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO PEG--
THEIR FEUD IS A FRIENDLY ONE! AND IF
SHE DID, SHE WOULDN'T LEAVE CLUES!
--SOMEBODY DID THAT FOR A REASON!

THE ONLY POSSIBLE EXPLANATION IS THE
GUYS PEG AND I ARE BOTH TRYING TO
FINGER ---THE RIVER-PIRATE
BOSSSES!



FUNNY IT TURNED OUT
LIKE IT DID -- YOU WERE
WAITING FOR THAT FLAT-
HEEL, STEVE WOOD, ON
THE VERY PIER
WE WERE
FIXING TO
PLUNDER!

STEVE
ISN'T A FLAT-
HEEL -- ISN'T ANY
KIND OF A HEEL!
HE'S GOING TO LAND
YOU BOTH IN THE
BIG HOUSE!



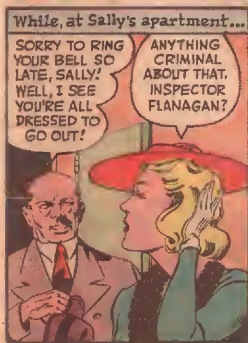
NOT HIM! WE LEFT
STUFF THERE THAT'LL
KEEP HIM BUSY
EXPLAINING! THE
COPS WILL THINK HE
SCRAGGED
YOU!

THE LADY'S PROBABLY
BORED WITH US BY
NOW! SUPPOSE WE
SEND HER WHERE SHE'S
GOING -- ON THE POINT
OF THIS
CHIV!



THIS I LIKE! YOU
BIRDS WILL GO UP
FOR ATTEMPTED
MURDER AS WELL
AS ROBBERY!





NOW, REMEMBER THAT WHAT YOU SAY HERE MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU!



SOMEBODY OUGHT TO USE SOMETHING AGAINST YOU--A CLUB TO KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO YOU!

WHILE YOU TRY TO BADGER ME INTO SOME LIE THAT MAKES ME LOOK GUILTY, STEVE AND PEG MAY BE IN SOME TERRIBLE DANGER!



WHAT WE GOTTA DO IS MAKE IT SEEM LIKE THEY KILLED EACH OTHER!

HERE'S STEVE'S OWN PERSONAL BLUNDERBUS--A LITTLE DAMN BUT WORKABLE--AND EASY TO IDENTIFY AS HIS PROPERTY!



WE CAN RIG IT SO THEY'LL THINK HE SHOT THIS FRONT-PAGE FEMALE--AND SHE STABBED HIM BEFORE SHE DIED!



PERFECT! NOW I'LL PUT HIS GUN IN HIS MITT AND WORK HIS TRIGGER FINGER FOR HIM!

HOW CAN IT LOOK AS IF I STABBED HIM--IF I'M SHOT?



I'LL PUT A SLUG IN YOU WHERE YOU WON'T DIE RIGHT AWAY, GORGEOUS!



THANKS FOR GIVING MY ARTILLERY BACK! I'VE BEEN SNAPPING OUT OF IT FOR A GOOD THREE SECONDS!



HE'S AWAKE! LET ME PUT THIS CHEESE-SLICER INTO HIS NECK!



DOESN'T THIS LIGHT
DAZZLE YOU,
BOYS? LET'S
DOUSE IT!



MOBILIZE HIM! HE
DOESN'T DARE SHOOT
IN THE DARK FOR FEAR
OF HITTING THE DAME!

DARLING! WHAT ARE
THEY DOING TO YOU?

SOCK!
BANG!
SMASH!



RELAX, PEG!... MOST OF THE
PUNCHES THEY THREW HIT EACH
OTHER! YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP
ME TAXI THEM TO
THE COPS!

OH, STEVE!
IF I WASN'T TIED,
I'D --- HUG
YOU!



CALL THE BUILDING
INSPECTOR! THE
ROOF FELL IN--OR
SOMETHING!

PLEASE, PEG! NOT
BEFORE AN
AUDIENCE!



Half an hour later...

NOW ADMIT IT, SALLY!
EITHER YOU DID AWAY
WITH PEG ALLEN--OR
STEVE WOOD---

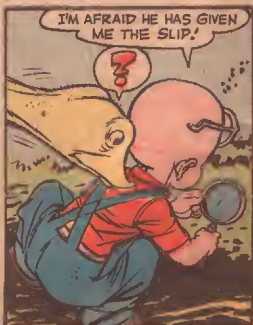
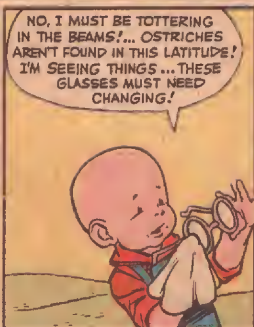
IXNAY, FLANAGAN! STEVE
JUST CAME IN WITH THAT
ALLEN CHICK AND TWO
GEES WITH LUMPS ON
THEIR CONKS! BOOKING
'EM FOR RIVER PIRACY,
ATTEMPTED MURDER
AND ---

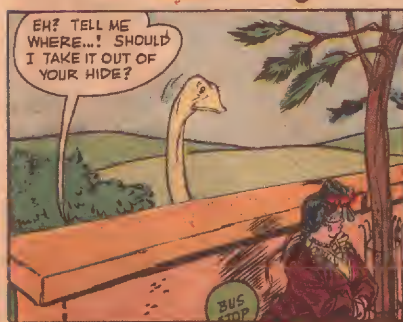
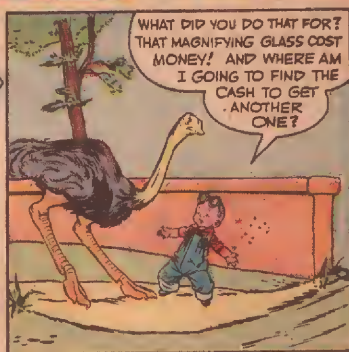
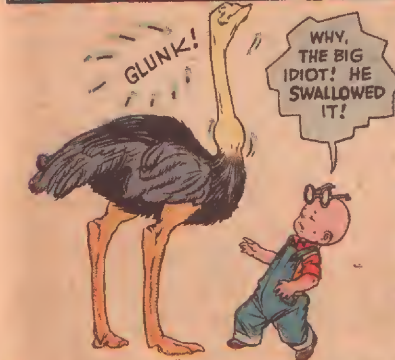


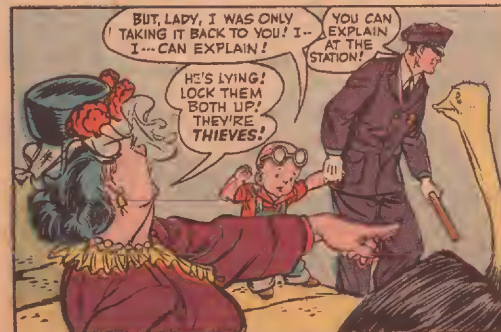
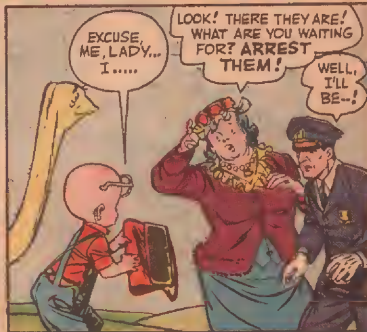
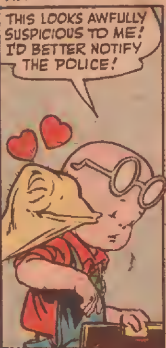
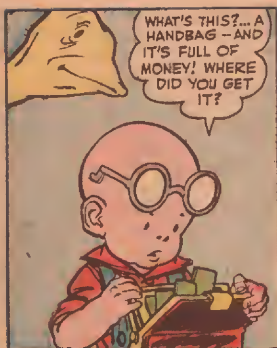
STEVE! YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT---YOU
FIXED EVERYTHING!

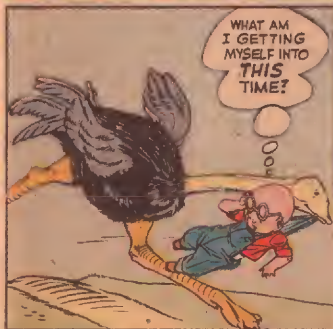
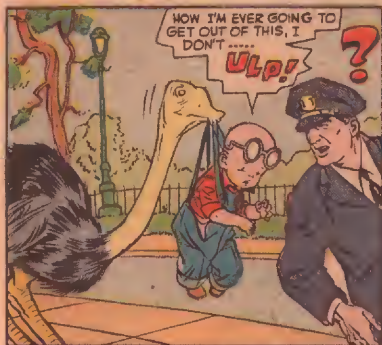
EVERYTHING INCLUDING MY
HAIR! .. NOW YOU'RE
MUSSING IT UP! WHAT'S
THIS STRANGE POWER I
HAVE OVER WOMEN?

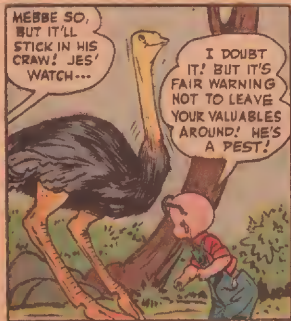
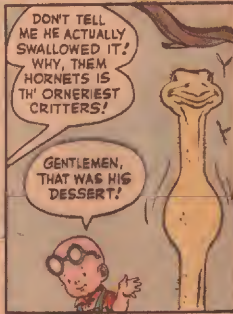
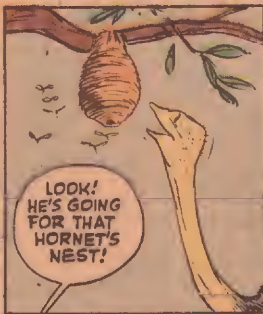
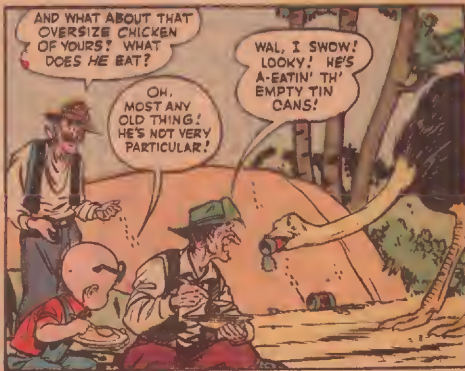


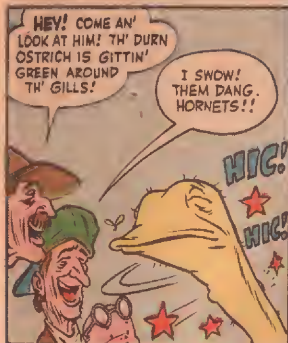












MIX WELL WITH BULLETS

I've told this story before. Few people believe it. But it's true, every word of it. I guess I wouldn't be here if it weren't true. And I have the proof, which I'll show you when I've told the story.

Mike Holmes leaned back in his chair and glanced around at his audience. They were all set for the tale. Everybody told a story there on the veranda of the Planters' Hotel some time during his stay. That is, he did if he had a story to tell.

You could see that Mike Holmes did have one. If you've batted around the world as long as I have you get so you can spot a real story teller from the garden variety. I was just as anxious to hear Mike's yarn as the half dozen others who sat there sipping cool drinks and smoking.

Out in the square lazy burros and llamas with heavy packs of hides and firewood crossed before our eyes. Blanketed Indians with colorful and huge floppy straw hats walked beside them, urging them on with soft voices. Old women squatted under awnings and sold drinking water for a centavo a cup. Fruit vendors called their wares lazily, their attitudes proclaiming that they hardly cared whether anyone bought or not.

It was the lazy little village of Sandoba, perched high in the Andes of Ecuador. Manana land.

Life had gone on in Sandoba for centuries. It had never changed. Civilization had come and remained, but only for the few tourists and business people who gravitated to the Planters' Hotel at the north side of the square. It didn't matter to the rest of Sandoba. The centuries were unchanged. Time almost stood still.

Mike Holmes cleared his throat and hitched his chair so that he could rest his booted feet on the low railing where he could watch the sunset over the Andes. Mike had been in Sandoba for several years. He was almost a native.

It was in Santo Rico (he began) where this strange thing happened to me. Santo Rico is

one of those little Central American countries you never hear about. I had gone down there with a small crew to sell—of all things—books. Imagine selling books to a lot of hot-headed revolutionists! Because at the time we landed, there was a nice, bloody revolution going on.

We stayed at the one hotel in the town—it was the biggest town in the country, mebbe 15,000 people.

It had been hard rounding up that crew. Naturally, all of those guys had to know and speak Spanish. So I rounded 'em up in south Texas towns. They knew more about the cattle business than they did about books.

We had a nice assortment of books, too—histories, picture books for the kids, school books, song books in Spanish, tales of Columbus and Cortes and De Soto—all those old guys Spaniards would sure be interested in—we thought.

The only thing we didn't figure on was this blasted revolution. Never did find out just what had brought it on. Sometimes nothing does down there. It just starts, and then a lot of people get shot. And then suddenly it's all over, and enemies are shaking hands and drinking pulque.

Well, there was a redhead named Tony Malone with us. He was an ornery, stubborn fellow with a chip on his shoulder all the time. Wouldn't take anything from anybody. I knew right off that if we got into any trouble, Tony would be the start of it.

And I was right.

One night a half dozen little cops came to our hotel just after we'd had dinner and banged on my door. They had guns bigger than themselves and they had me covered.

"What's all this?" I demanded.

"Come, señor. Come quietly," said one of them. Well, there was nothing else for it. When I stepped into the hall, I saw that other cops had the rest of us. I didn't see Tony.

They marched us down that hall, out of the

hotel, and across the square where the hoosegow stood. They just shoved us inside a big cell and slammed the iron door on us without a word. No explanation.

I fumed and fretted and swore that the United States would have their hides for this act. But I might've saved my breath. I banged on the cell door and shouted to the jailor. But nobody came.

Early the next morning a cop slid us a pail of water and some dark bread through the bars. That's all they gave us for breakfast, but I couldn't have eaten a thing anyway.

Again I tried to talk, but that stubborn cop wouldn't even answer.

Later in the day they shoved Tony into our cell. He had been pretty badly beaten up. And he was roaring mad. We jumped on him. What had happened? How come we were in pokey? What was the idea? What did those chili peppers mean to do with us?

"Shoot us," Tony said, eyes blazing. "Imagine, shooting us just because I said Santa Cruz was the prettiest republic!"

Santa Cruz was the neighboring country to Santo Rico. I had learned that the revolution was being fought between members of political parties who came from Santa Cruz. So—no wonder they had dumped us into the clink!

"Why, you're practically a traitor," I told Tony. "You shouldn't have said any other republic was prettier than Santo Rico. These guys are touchy like that."

"They're gonna pot us," said Tony. "Tomorrow at sunrise. Yessir, shoot us down like rats. If I could only get my mitts on a few throats—I!"

They came and took one of us before dawn the next morning. We heard the firing squad—the bang—and then they came and took another of us. Bang!

I saw them shoot Charley. They were doing it in the square, right before our eyes. It wasn't nice to watch but I couldn't pull my eyes away. When they hauled Manny Reeves out I still stood there watching as the riflemen raised their weapons, and the commandante called out the orders. Then Bang! Manny fell on his face.

Tony said, "Funny about these cholos. They use only one bullet in the firing squad, instead

of removing the bullet from one rifle like in other firing squads. I heard some of them cops saying they hoped the bullet would be in their guns!"

The three guards were approaching to get another of us—there were only four left—when Tony suddenly cried, "The books! You got those little thick books with you? Hurry, for gosh sakes! Here they come. Look, do what I do."

We watched Tony, copying his action. And darned if Tony wasn't the very next one they pulled from the cell. I watched him walking briskly toward the low adobe wall where they had placed the others. I could see that he refused the blindfold. They tied his arms behind his back and stood him up. Then that firing squad stepped into position again. The orders were called. The rifles bellowed. Tony just sank down easy like and lay still.

Harlow Merrick was next. "Don't forget the book," I told him. He patted his breast and a wan grin passed over his features.

"Well," he said, "so long." We shook hands.

Down went Marrick. Jim Baker was next. I was reserved for the last. When Jim had fallen, they came for me. I can tell you I wasn't feeling too good by then. I didn't know how the stunt had come off. A lot of dead men lay out there—my book crew.

With my back to the wall, I got to feeling a bit better. You can only die once, I figured. They pinned the little card over my heart, as they had done to the others. Then I was staring down the barrels of those rifles. Bang! Something hit me like a mule's kick and I collapsed. The soldiers filed away for the afternoon siesta.

"Hey!" called Tony. "You guys all right?"

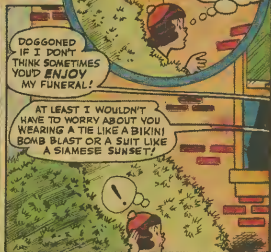
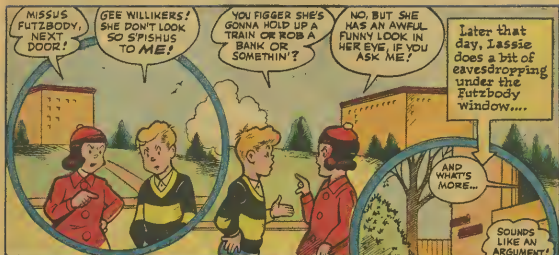
We answered that we were. "Lay still until they get to sleeping," said Tony.

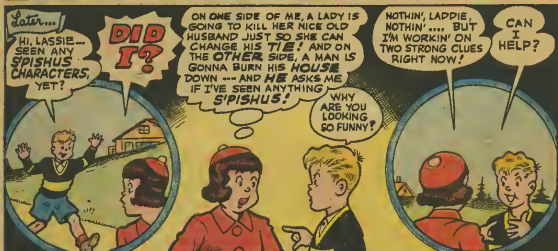
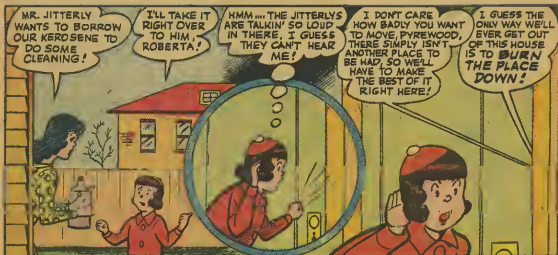
An hour later we—three of us—were on our way out of Santo Rico in high.

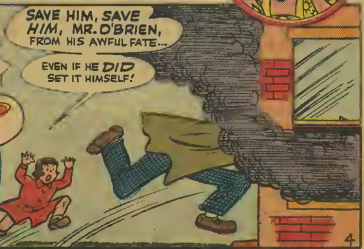
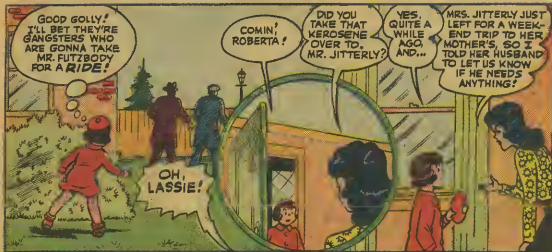
Yes, one bullet is all they used, and it's a good thing. All we could do was pray that the guy who had that one bullet was a good shot and hit the card. Here, fellow, take a look at this book.

He handed over the little volume. A bullet had smashed three-quarters through it, then lodged in the leaves. It was a cook book!

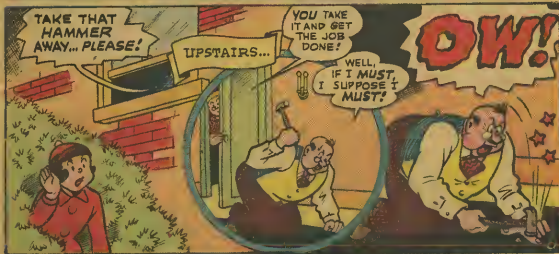
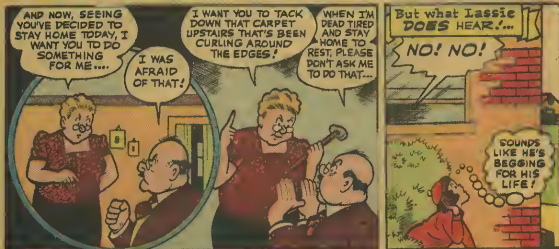


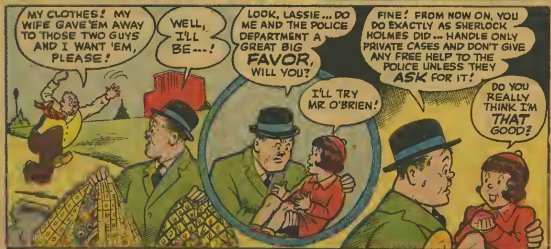
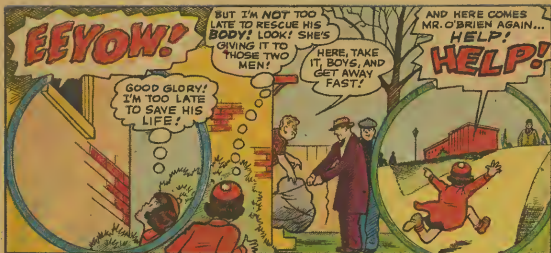












QUICKSILVER

QUICKSILVER,

ONCE THE ACE OF
ACROBATS, TRAPEZES
OVER THE HIGH PLACES
OF CRIME TO BRING
DOWN ITS
LOFTIEST
LORD!



CRIME BOSS DURAY HAS HIRED A STAGE
MAGICIAN TO MAKE CERTAIN CHANGES IN
HIS SKYSCRAPER PENTHOUSE...

YOU'RE ALL
THROUGH...BUT IS
EVERYTHING PROPERLY
HIDDEN?

THIS PENTHOUSE
IS A KING-SIZED CABINET
OF SURPRISES,
MR. DURAY!



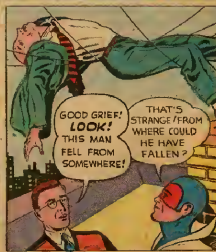
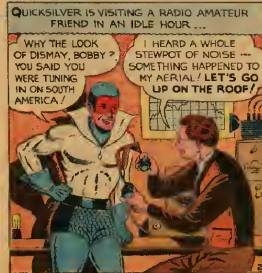
ONLY YOU AND I KNOW
THE SECRETS...ONLY THE
TWO OF US...AND...

--AND THAT'S
ONE TOO
MANY!





SO FAR SO GOOD FOR DURAY, BUT...





IT WAS
HERE A MOMENT
AGO!

ARE YOU
FEELING ALL RIGHT,
QUICKSILVER?

NOW LOOK HERE,
DURAY...WHERE
DID HE GO?

FIRST A LEDGER
DISAPPEARS...THEN
DURAY HIMSELF!
I MUST BE LOSING
MY GRIP!

OR
SOMETHING!



I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME,
QUICKSILVER / BUT YOUR EYES...OR MIND...
SEEM TO BE GOING BAD / SHALL I
CALL A DOCTOR?

NOT YOUR
KIND OF A
DOCTOR,
DURAY!

INSTEAD, WE'LL
TELEPHONE FOR THE
POLICE!

I DOUBT
THAT!



THE
PHONE'S GONE,
TOO!

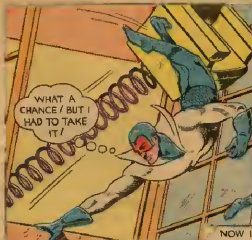
WOULD YOU
RATHER TAKE ME TO
THE POLICE
YOURSELF?

THE DOOR...
WHERE I
CAME IN...

THERE WAS NO DOOR THERE,
QUICKSILVER / I'M AFRAID YOU'VE
GONE COMPLETELY
BATTY!







WHAT A CHANCE / BUT I HAD TO TAKE IT!



I FIGURED THIS WAS A PENTHOUSE FULL OF TRICKS! BUT I HAD TO PLAY STUPID... TO MAKE YOU EXPOSE THE LETHAL ONE!

NOT THE ONLY LETHAL ONE, QUICKSILVER!



RIGHT BEHIND THIS PICTURE... MY HIDDEN EQUALIZER...

YOU'RE NOT QUICK ENOUGH ON THE DRAW!



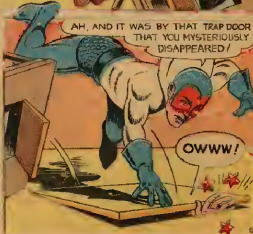
NOW I LEARN SOMETHING ELSE! THAT TABLE HAD A TRICK TOP... TO HIDE THE LEDGER!

YOU'LL NEVER GET IT!



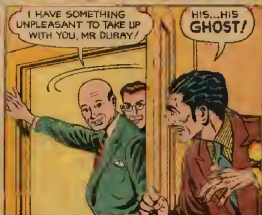
THERE YOU HAD A WALL THAT FOLDS OVER, HIDING THE DOOR! YOUR TELEPHONE AND WATER-GLASS WERE PROPS OUT OF A MAGICIAN'S SUPPLY HOUSE...

FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF! I'M GOING!



AH, AND IT WAS BY THAT TRAP DOOR THAT YOU MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED!

OWWW!



BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • WOMEN

PICK YOUR PRIZE



THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**



Blue Bird

COOKING SET



Will make you proud of your kitchen. Entire set given for selling only 40 pkts. seeds at 10c a packet.

One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS



Will be to race, train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. One pair of birds given for selling 40 orders of seeds. Sent Ex. Collect.

WRIST WATCHES ARE BACK!

Choice Models for Men and Women, Boys and Girls.



Model "A" Model "B" Model "C" Model "D"
Happy Days are here again and with them come wrist watches for men and women, boys and girls, so long unavailable at any price. With the manufacturers guarantee always, these models are reliable and accurate and are executed by professional workmanship with excellent materials. Any of these models yours for the asking. Given for selling one order of seeds plus \$1.50, or given without extra cost for selling two orders. Style style desired.

Everyone who plants a garden helps and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the many needy nations of the world.

CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

Sell only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a packet a \$1.50 plus a refund of \$1.50. Write for SEEDS TODAY.



Get this military-like outfit for your very own, officers belt, cap and automatic type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order of seeds 40 pkts at 10c a packet. **SEND IN YOUR ORDER TODAY.**

Basket Ball GIVEN TO YOU



Latest Rubber Valve Type Given for selling only 40 pkts. at 10c each.

Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 40 orders of seeds. Sent Express Collect.

GIVEN

Good Luck Fishing Outfit. Steel Rod, reel, casting line, 12 artificial hooks, 12 lures, cork float, and steel stringer given for selling 40 pkts. seeds at 10c each.



"VICTORY UKE"



Be first in your town to own this Red, White and Blue "Victory" Uke. Given and sent post paid for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c each.



What a Pet! You will love it. Canary given for selling only two orders of seeds at 10c a packet. Sent Ex. Collect.

ONE PAIR RABBITS

The raising of rabbits for the market is a fascinating business. We offer and give away one pair of rabbits for selling only two orders. Rabbits sent Ex. Collect.



SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU.



MAIL COUPON TODAY!

40th Year

Lancaster Canopy Seed Co.,
Station 451, Paradise, Pa.
Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a packet, for a free gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds "Bag of Tricks" shown above.

Name _____
Post Office _____
State _____
Street or R.F.D. _____ Box _____
Print your last name plainly below

Save 4 cents by filling in, mailing and mailing this Coupon on a 10 Cent Card TODAY.

Plant A Victory Garden Again This Year



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering, how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this NRI Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios, and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits, then test them; see how they work; learn how to design signal circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you most valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations; and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

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Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON. NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.
**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7BA3,
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home
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Name.....Age.....

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"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

**Tiny cell packs enough
ENERGY
to kick 186 field goals**

Like football? Like to sit breathless while the Big Team goes into kick formation for a last-minute winning try? Then listen! The great new "Eveready" flashlight cell NOW has energy equal to that used in making 186 big-time field goals from the 25-yard line! Extra power makes "EVEREADY" batteries the All-American choice for brilliant, lasting, low-cost light!



THE NEW "Eveready" flashlight cell literally *blasts* darkness with a dazzling beam of powerful white light. And does it for nearly *twice* as long as famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. Because this new cell packs *93% more energy!* Service from "Eveready" flashlight batteries is nearly *doubled*... yet you *pay no more* for this far greater value! For longer life of brighter light... get these new "Eveready" flashlight batteries!

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30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

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Nearly *twice* the electric energy...almost *two times* longer life than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. That's today's *high-energy* "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.



High Energy

MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

